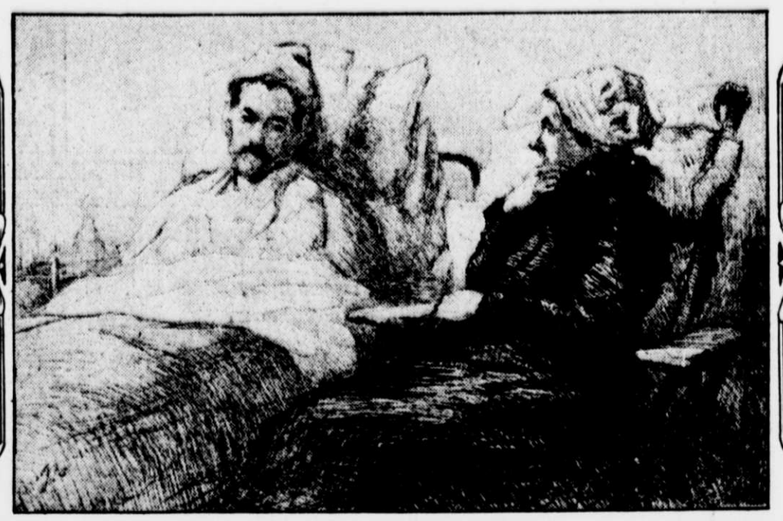
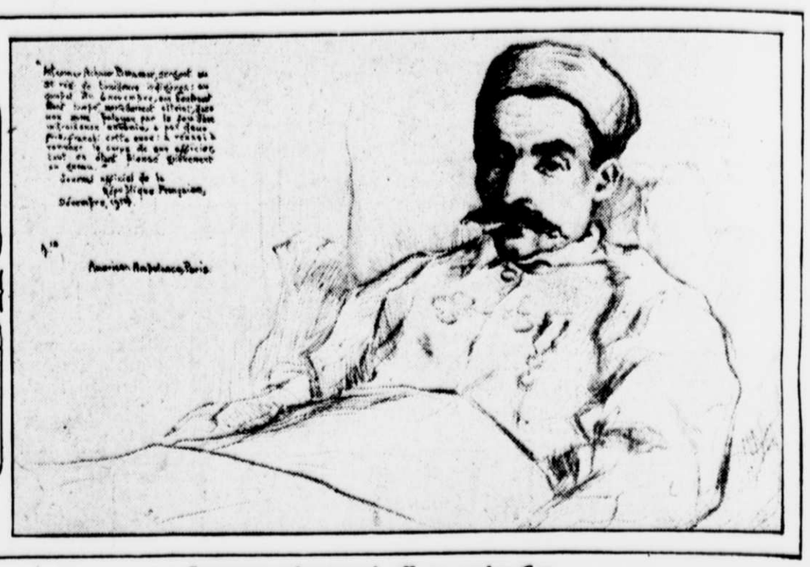
ARTIST-ORDERLY IN AMERICAN AMBULANCE PRAISES ITS WORK

Moussa, wounded Senegalese, knitting.



The mother's visit.



Sergeant who saved officer under fire.

By FRANK M. ARMINGTON.

AT the outset I would explain that I am not an American, but a British subject. For that reason I believe that in telling of the American Ambulance of Paris I may express myself freely and with an appreciation that rings true.

Situated beautifully and conveniently within ten minutes walk of the Porte Maillot, the main western gateway of Paris, the suburb Neuilly-sur-Seine can boast of a fully equipped, up to date hospital, the installation of which was begun only about August 12, 1914, just as soon after the declaration of war as the military authorities requisitioned the Lycée Pasteur for use as an ambulance for wounded soldiers.

The building, while yet under construction, was taken by the American Committee and the preparation as a hospital was begun before the windows were placed and the doors swung. Yet one heard such expressions soon after this as "You would think this an old established institution," "How admirably suited for the purpose!" and "What a pity it cannot always remain a hospital!" but complete as it is it is only an ambulance intended for service during the war.

My first view of this building, the Lycé Pasteur, was while passing along the Boulevard d'Inkermann one beautiful afternoon in September. The red brick and stone trimmed structure of splendid proportions was silhouetted against a deep blue sky, the ensemble bathed in the warm glow of an autumn sunshine. It produced a glorious effect quite different from the feeling of depression so general over the whole of Europe since the sudden outbreak of this terrible war. The building stands well back from the street. To enter it one passes through high grilled gates across what will soon be a lawn and by mounting a few steps enters the reception hall, charmed on every hand to find his surroundings flooded with light and air. The corridors are long, providing wards sufficient to accommodate five hundred and fifty patients, but the peculiar impression received which makes this ambulance so totally different from similar institutions comes from the character of the scenes which greet one after entering.

To the immediate left, behind an improvised desk, are four or five officers of the institution, who receive every one who comes either to visit or transact business. In front of this desk are the numerous callers, often with saddened faces, and among them are frequently some of the patients—English, French, Algerians or Moroccans—their racial characteristics in feature and dress relieved by the spotless white uniforms of the nurses and orderlies.

A quaint little picture was presented one morning upon the arrival of a Brittany peasant dressed in native costume, flaring trousers, short jacket and broad brimmed felt hat with flying ribbons—carrying his handkerchief bundle on a stick. Accompanying him was his wife with her silk apron and lace cap. The picturesque, timid, little couple contrasted sharply with the modern surroundings. They had just arrived from their far off home to see their boy, coming in response to a telegram, but owing to the difficulty of travelling in war time the journey had been prolonged several days. In that time their soldier boy had improved. Morning was not visiting time, but the old couple were nevertheless given a few moments with their son and invited to make a further visit in the afternoon.

The spectacle at the entrance may have its sad side, but is interesting when analyzed. International in character, varied in its object and disguised in its appearance, it is associated with many novel experiences such as perhaps could only occur in times of war.

Among the many stories is a good one of a prominent American woman who gave her services as an auxiliary nurse and who was offered five francs by a provincial visitor with which to "purchase some little thing for herself." Another, a pathetic story, is that of a humble, old man who apologized to an orderly, a French count, by the way, for the smallness of his pourboire in offering a penny.

Just here a little word of explanation may be found in the remark of one of the young doctors who came over from America especially for this hospital work. He pronounced the ambulance one of the most amusing institutions he had ever seen, where prominent and artistic women were to be found helping the nurses in caring for the sick and wounded; and where counts, actors, artists, musicians and business men acted as orderlies. The fact is that while this is an American institution supported by American contributions and wholly American in control, still among its assistants are persons of several other nationalities working together for one common good. The question may be asked: What was the main undercurrent which moved so many types of social, business, professional and artistic life toward this particular line of succor?

Strange as it may seem, upon the outbreak of the war, coming as it did so suddenly, few of us could continue to pursue our usual occupations. The inclination was at first to do nothing; to stand still. Then recovering our senses the questions everywhere arose: "What can we do? How much can we do?" The questions seemed at once to bring their own answers. Women high in social rank formed themselves into classes where they were instructed by trained nurses in the art of bandaging; sewing societies were started; artists in the country offered their services as municipal guards, interpreters and as farm helpers to take the places of the men who had gone to the front, and finally hospitals sprang up like mushrooms, until every one found the place he could best fill. While perhaps none of us would prefer to continue in these lines of occupation as a lifework, it is remarkable what a degree of satisfaction the majority have found in thus serving the call of this great crisis—preeminently so in the American Ambulance.

The war is the one heart interest. On the street curiosity is always excited whenever a soldier is to be seen. In normal times a few soldiers mean nothing to Europeans, whether colonial or homespun, but circumstances alter cases and a soldier, especially if he is wounded, is to-day the most popular man in any community and his stories are heard with unstinted attention. But it is in the hospital that you see the soldier who is out of service at his best. There the British Tommies fraternize with their fellow French sufferers in the wards or, when convalescent, standing in little groups about the building, to all appearances conversing, though they cannot speak each other's language. It is all suggestive of a remarkable bond of sympathy and is extremely picturesque.

The British soldier in France is perfectly at home from the beginning, though his reception has been no more enthusiastic than that of the French African troops, but the latter, being of a suspicious nature, are uneasy until they have become accustomed to their surroundings and are convinced of the good intentions of those caring for them; then their response is full of real affection and as a consequence there have been tearful partings when the time has arrived for their departure to convalesce in some provincial military quarter.

An instance of this complete change of mental attitude was noted in the case of a Senegalese, black as the ace of spades, and with eyes at first sharp and ferocious, but afterward full of smiles. This young man when admitted to the hospital had every desire to try his teeth on his doctor, but his confidence was soon inspired in those around him and he is now really fond of his nurses and delights in gentle teasing, having become fairly chicken hearted. His nurse has taught him to improve his time and during most of the day he sits up in bed knitting, a singular occupation for a member of a race credited with little or no delicacy. Beside this patient in the next bed is another Senegalese who at present exhibits an equal amount of intelligence, his shining, milk white teeth giving a splendid setting to his genial smile and emphasizing his good nature.

Across the way, in the same ward, is a Moroccan who the first time his wound was being dressed made no effort to conceal his fear of his "white doctor," but who, finally sizing up the whole operation and being convinced that he was not in the hands of an enemy, offered his hand and, as he shook that of his surgeon, was heard saying in a faint, thin voice, "Merci, docteur!"

There are so many poor fellows who are terribly wounded that to mention a few examples conveys but little idea of the situation. Let me, however, cite several interesting cases. Here are two which show the courage of two Frenchmen. One of them who was asked by the doctor at the time of his admittance where he was wounded replied "In the head, back, both arms, left leg, and I do not know how many other places." On examination he was found to have no fewer than sixty-eight distinct wounds. The other man, with head, arms and legs wounded and a mortal abdominal wound of a most distressing character, bore his sufferings without complaint, speaking only of the time when he hoped he might return to the front. Before this man died he received the Medaille Militaire for his bravery in battle.

One of the prettiest stories is of a French Zouave who came from Algeria, where he was doing his military service, and whose setter dog hid himself away on board ship and after crossing the Mediterranean with his master followed him to the battle field. Intrenched near the Belgian frontier during a violent bombardment by the German artillery, a heavy shell struck the parapet of the trench and the Zouave was very badly wounded, part of the trench caving in upon him. The dog instantly began to excavate his master and attracted so much attention that the soldier was saved in time by the ambulance corps. When the moment arrived for the transportation to the hospital, the man absolutely refused to be taken without the dog, preferring to die rather than to be separated from his dumb friend, so they were conveyed together. The dog has comfortable quarters in one of the courts at the ambulance, and is allowed to visit his master each day.

Among other cases, here is one of an Irish Tommy with a sense of dry humor who says that the only reason he does not care to return to the front is that "the enemy hits too hard." He had been shot through the cheek, the ball cutting off part of his tongue as it passed out. He is a fine, manly fellow and, in reality, none would be more eager to return than he, but he will not again be able to pass the military medical examination.

Turning aside from these neidents, no praise can be too enthusiastic for the splendid work being done by these good American people; dental surgery is accomplishing many wonderful cures; men coming in with their faces nearly shot away, leave the Ambulance so restored that, in numerous cases, even the terrible scars have been removed and little evidence remains of the awful suffering through which they have passed.

As last thoughts are lasting thoughts, let me state in closing that the credit for the American Ambulance belongs primarily to the able corps of the medical profession at whose head is the surgeon-in-chief, Dr. C. W. du Bouchet. These busy men have spared neither time nor skill, working early and late, investigating thoroughly all phases of the situation, even to the quickest and most comfortable manner of caring for the wounded during their transportation from the battle line to the Ambulance and the quickest means of undressing, bathing and getting them into bed ready for the first hospital attention.

To say more is not necessary. The result of this wonderful work speaks for itself and many are the words of gratitude received in return for the professional services rendered to the hundreds of unfortunate wounded who are passing through this institution. But in the years to come greater will be the ties that bind us to America; and France and England will never forget the kindly hand of those who remained by them in these times of trouble and the financial assistance which came so generously from across the sea.

Feud l'Air, dog that followed master from Algeria to firing line and there saved him.

Frank M. Armington, painter and etcher, was born in Fordwich, Ontario, in 1876. He received most of his art education in Paris under the late Benjamin Constant, Jean Paul Laurens and Henri Royer. He is a member of La Gravure Original en Noir and La Societe des Amis de l'Eau-Forte of Paris and the Royal Society of Painters, Etchers and Engravers of London. Mr. Armington is represented in the collections of the New York Public Library, the Congressional Library, the Luxembourg and Petit Palais in Paris, the British and South Kensington museums, London, and other cities.

ARTILLERY PRACTICE CAMP AT TOBYHANNA, PA., IS FOR DOCTORS TOO

ONE of the most interesting and instructing one day outings from New York is a trip to the Government Camp of Instruction for Field Artillery at Tobyhanna, Pa. Tobyhanna is three hours ride from New York, the location is ideal, the camp site being 2,000 feet above sea level, and the delightfully cool and dry air makes the men feel like doing plenty of good, hard work.

The Third Field Artillery, U. S. A., consisting of 50 officers and enlisted men, 600 horses, sixteen rapid fire three inch guns and full field equipment, will be in camp continuously until about October 1. One battalion of the First Field Artillery, New York National Guard, arrived in camp on Wednesday and remain until next Thursday. Another battalion and the regimental staff will arrive next Sunday and remain until September 7.

The national Government now owns over forty square miles of land in the vicinity of Tobyhanna, and has practice grounds at five different points for target practice. In order to reach some of the targets the shells or shrapnel pass over two mountain ranges.

Among the many improvements which the Government has thus far made are eleven permanent buildings of stone, metal or wood. Included in this number is a large Y. M. C. A. building, a branch of the Washington (D. C.) Y. M. C. A. Water is supplied by two deep artesian wells and is piped to all of the permanent buildings and to the officers' quarters. All of the buildings and officers' quarters are connected by telephone and the entire camp is lighted by electricity, supplied by a central plant located on the edge of the camp grounds. Several miles of macadam road has been built and these roads are continually being extended and improved.

The number of officers and enlisted men attending camp has increased every year, and within the next five years it is hoped there will be from 10,000 to 15,000 regulars and State artillerymen on the grounds at one time.

Col. Charles Menoher, Third Field Artillery, U. S. A., is camp commander; Major Manus McCloskey, Third Field Artillery, is commander of the Fort Myer Battalion of Instruction and also instructor of the Medical Corps. Major Henry Page, Medical Corps, U. S. A., is senior instructor of the Camp of Instruction for Medical Officers.

The purpose of the camp is to instruct the National Guard officers and enlisted men. This is accomplished in two ways. First, by having a school for officers and non-commissioned officers from June 1 to June 15. This year instruction was given to forty-six militia officers and 120 non-commissioned officers. After being instructed in their duties they returned home and the second method of instruction began, which is by having the medical units and field artillery camp with the regulars and practise with the trained horses and the guns of the army.

When a State artillery organization goes into camp the first day is devoted to pitching tents, laying in supplies and getting the kitchen in operation. For the first three days after that the drivers receive detailed instruction in harnessing, the adjustment of harness on draught horses, in grooming, stabling and the care of horses while on the march, a portion of this time being devoted to drilling on the drill grounds. At the same time the cannoneers get instruction in the work on the firing line, where the gunner sets the sights and aims the gun, another man gives the proper elevation, another moves the gun in the given direction and others serve ammunition and set the fuses so that the shrapnel will burst at the proper distance in front of and above the target fired at.

While the cannoneers and drivers are having their work the so-called "specialists" are receiving instructions in their special work, which includes using the telephones, keeping them in working order, signalling by means of the semaphore system, using the battery commander's telescope, an instrument somewhat like an engineer's transit, making sketches of terrain occupied by the imaginary enemy and in the general duties of artillery scouts. The fifth, sixth and seventh days in camp are usually spent in target practice.

The last three days in camp are devoted to making a march with full field equipment carried on the horses, on the men and in the wagons, marching each day from fifteen to twenty miles, camping at night at a suitable camp site and returning on the third day to the reservation.

During the whole of the period that the artillery is in camp two or more hours a day are devoted to what is known as smoke bomb practice for the officers. In this practice the officers are grouped about a telephone in camp, observing targets at a distance of from a mile and one-half to two miles from them. At these targets a detail of eight or ten regular soldiers, under a specially instructed sergeant, have small powder charges ready to explode in the vicinity of the targets. The officer in camp who conducts the fire must give such commands as to cause these smoke bombs to burst in front and in the rear of the target and at the proper distance above the ground and at such distance apart as real shrapnel would appear if exploded at the target. This smoke bomb practice trains the eye and brings about a facility in the mechanism and in the methods of fire used in the field artillery to-day. The evenings are devoted to lectures on the horse, the adjustment of harness, camp cooking, on the conduct of artillery fire and on observations abroad.

During each period there is a joint exercise between the artillery and the medical department. In this drill an imaginary enemy is supposed to attack a certain position and cut off the stores. The artillery is sent into action at a gallop to shell the enemy and the medical department follows to pick up the wounded and transport them to the rear. This work is performed by the personnel of the militia hospital units receiving instruction at the camp and is under the direction of Major Page of the Medical Corps and Major McCloskey of the Artillery.

On the last day of camp the National Guard organizations turn over all of the property borrowed from the regulars, strike tents and return home. This routine is gone through every ten days. Owing to the fact that the Third Field Artillery is the only field artillery stationed east of the Mississippi River all of this work falls upon the officers and enlisted men of this organization, and their time is so filled that it has been impossible to send a battery of artillery to the Business Men's Training Camp at Plattsburg. The business and professional men had hoped to see the artillery in action, owing to its prominence in the European war, but owing to the shortage of field artillery in the United States army this desire could not be gratified. There are only six regiments of field artillery in the United States army, one in the Philippines, one at Honolulu and four in the United States.

Battery A, Pennsylvania National Guard. The six officers and 114 men are all employed by the Bethlehem Steel Company, which gives each one full pay while in State camp.